

## Stack Puffs Requiem

# Old No. 11 Chugs Last Run

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By JOSEPH T. LIDDELL,  
Desert News Staff Writer

**TOOELE**—The Tooele Valley Railway Co. Friday began mothballing old steam locomotive No. 11 after 50 years and eight months of "puff and toll" on one of the country's shortest railroads.

The "old puffer" chugged for the last time Thursday up the seven-mile track from Warner Station to East International, the railroad term applied to the Tooele smelter.

Engineer Roy Snyder was at the throttle and Don Lombardi was fireman. The engine pushed a string of five ore cars up the gradual grade at the foot of the Oquirrh Mountains.

As the quaint rail procession puffed through Tooele along Vine St. en route to the smelter, kids and adults paused momentarily in their Memorial Day activities to observe the noisy steel giant. To many of the small fry the sight was their toy train come to life—and a rarity at that.

In the last eight years since the railroad purchased diesel locomotives, No. 11 and one or two other "oldies" have made only a casual trip on the ore haul. Only when the diesel's pellets or inspection has any old "smoke-puffer" filled in for the modern counterpart.

Tooeleans of adult age, how-

ever, remember well the chug-an exhibit in a mining industry museum which many old-timers dream of for the area.

From the smelter on the pulled up through town, down trip to the connecting station onto the Union Pacific and Western Pacific railroads west of town, the old locomotives have hauled countless tons of lead and copper ingots, zinc and cadmium fume and other byproducts from the metal industrial operations at East International.

Baldwin Locomotive Co. in Pennsylvania manufactured No. 11 and several "sisters" back in 1912 for the smelter.

Tooeleans have other memories like hard drifting winters when snow piled over the tracks, sometimes stalling the train. A few times the steam locomotives with snowplows on front have rammed huge drifts and flipped onto their sides.

Once an ore train of cars was so long that five of the old-type locomotives were coupled together to make the heavy push up the hill to the smelter.

History and relic-preserving minded Utahns Friday are wondering what will become of old No. 11 now. Could be civil-minded groups of Tooele may be able to obtain her for display at the City Park or for



Tooele Valley Railway's old No. 11 steams up for last time in end-of-era run Thursday.



# Western Colorado Has Scenic Wonderland

... By EDWARD COLLIER ...

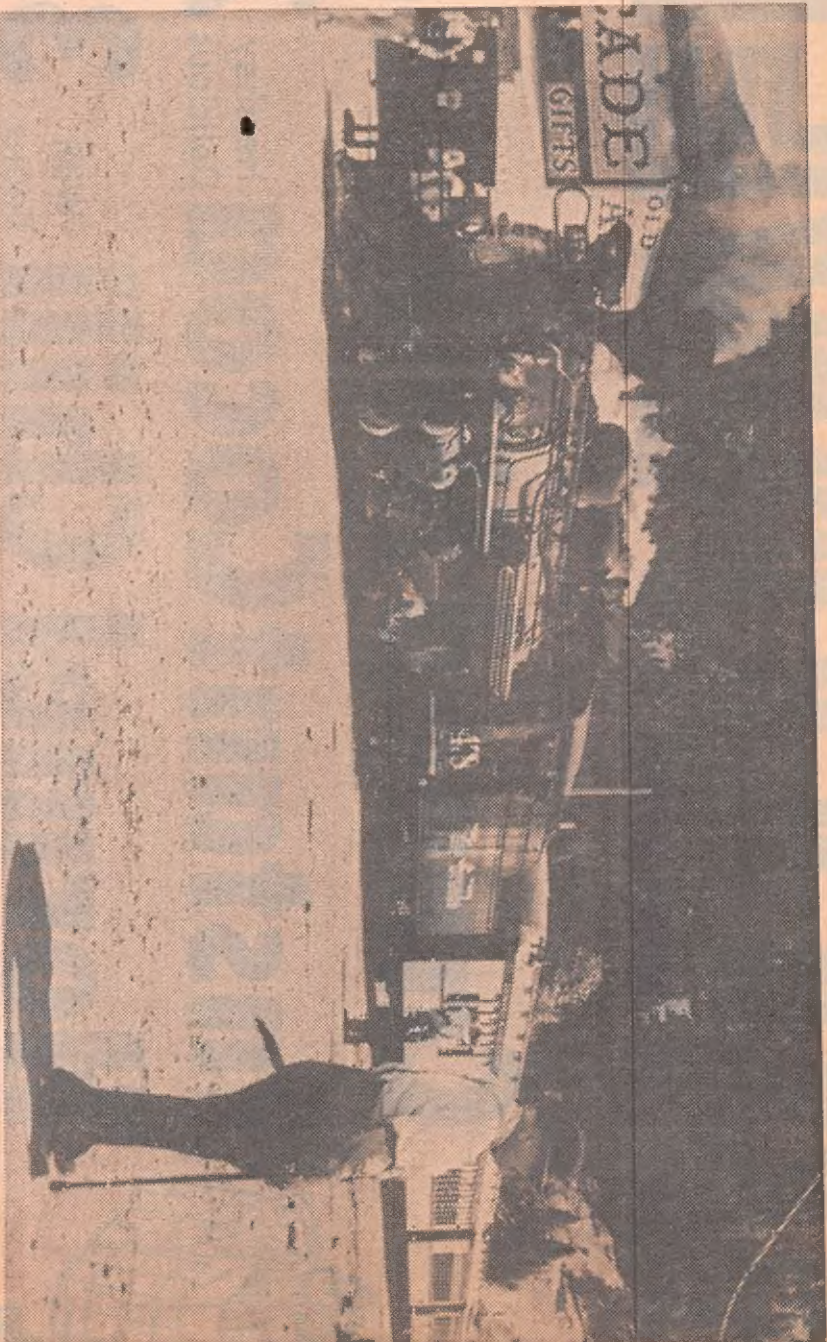
MONTROSE, Colo.—To Coloradoans this is the "Western Slope"; to vacationers it is one of the world's prized scenic wonderlands. Separated from Denver and the eastern half of the Centennial State by the continental divide, there is rivalry between the two in everything from peaches to politics.

A Magic Circle tour of this dramatic land is long in miles but short on road boredom. The towering, red mountains, framed by evergreens and white-barked quaking aspens, have healed scars from the roaring mining days when millions in silver and gold were ripped from their innards.

The 450-mile auto jaunt starts here in Montrose, a thriving little city in a broad farming valley. Once a home of the Ute tribe, the State Historical Society's Ute Indian Museum is a memorial to their greatness.

## Ranking Redmen

Inside this modern showcase is portrayed the chronological procession of the Ute from nomadic days to the present. Chief Ouray and his wife Chipeta, ranking as greats among both redmen and white, are honored



NOSTALGIC JOURNEY TO YESTERDAY best describes America's last regularly scheduled narrow-gauge railway. This year nearly 70,000 rail buffs and visitors will board "The Silverton" for the thrill of riding behind a huffing, puffing little steam locomotive of another era that goes through a

land of scenic grandeur still untouched by roads. The trip from Durango to Silverton and back is one of the highlights on a motor tour around Colorado's "Western Slope" wonderland. (Photo by Ethyl Corp.)



by photos and personal items: the beaded shirt he wore to Washington, D.C. for the 1880-'81 peace talks, his saddles, full-dress costumes, and a handsome desk the U.S. Government gave to Ouray—Chief of the Ute Nation, who could neither read nor write.

Driving south (U.S. 550) from Montrose, the meadows and hay fields narrow as you escalate into the heartland of jagged red range.

Ghosts of the Old West seem to gallop along the main street of Ouray, where sudden wealth was a way of life in the gold and silver mining boom days. Showplace of town is the splendidly rococo Beaumont Hotel, restored to its former glory of bluish-pink outside walls, vertical red roof, and multiple spires. The inside houses modern merriment in the ornate bar.

#### Spectacular Scenery

Continuing south in to the surrounding San Juan Mountains that tower above the town, we drove through a tunnel into a sheer rock canyon, and over Bear Creek Falls, which thunder under the road and drop for more than 200 feet down the mountainside.

From Red Mountain Pass you descent into Silverton, an aged town which has found a new life in tourists and visiting motion picture companies here for location shooting. Notorious, once-roaring Blair Street and its palaces of pleasure have been restored by nostalgic commercial interests.

Focal point of visitor interest is that the town is the northern terminus of the Rio Grande Railway's "Silverton", a huffing and puffing narrow gauge train with tiny wooden coaches painted and repaired back to their mining-day splendor. This thrill ride into yesterday—through scenic grandeur still untouched by roads—is expected to attract some 70,000 passengers this year.

#### Restored Hotel

To round out the 1880's boom day memories, the newly-restored Grand Imperial Hotel again welcomes guests. This memento of the Victorian age actually is a sentimental mu-

seum with its decor of ornate design and full-size portrait of Lillian Russell in a gilt frame. The Old Prospector saloon has the original polished mahogany bar and plate glass mirror brought from France—never broken because no fighting was allowed in the heyday of this hostelry.

South in Durango the high mountain scenery changes to wide plateaus and valleys. At one end of the modern business district there is Rio Grandeland, an area set aside for restored hotels and the new-old railroad station, resplendent in yellow and brown paint. Choo-choo buffs by the hundreds watch and photograph the ancient little black steam engines that chug and puff even in their menial freight-switching exercises around the yard.

#### Wooden Coaches

Up early the next morning, we drove down to the railroad station to catch the round-trip to yesterday on the "Silverton". The fierce little locomotive emits white belches of steam as it warms up, and the hordes of visitors pack into the gaily-painted yellow-orange wooden coaches.

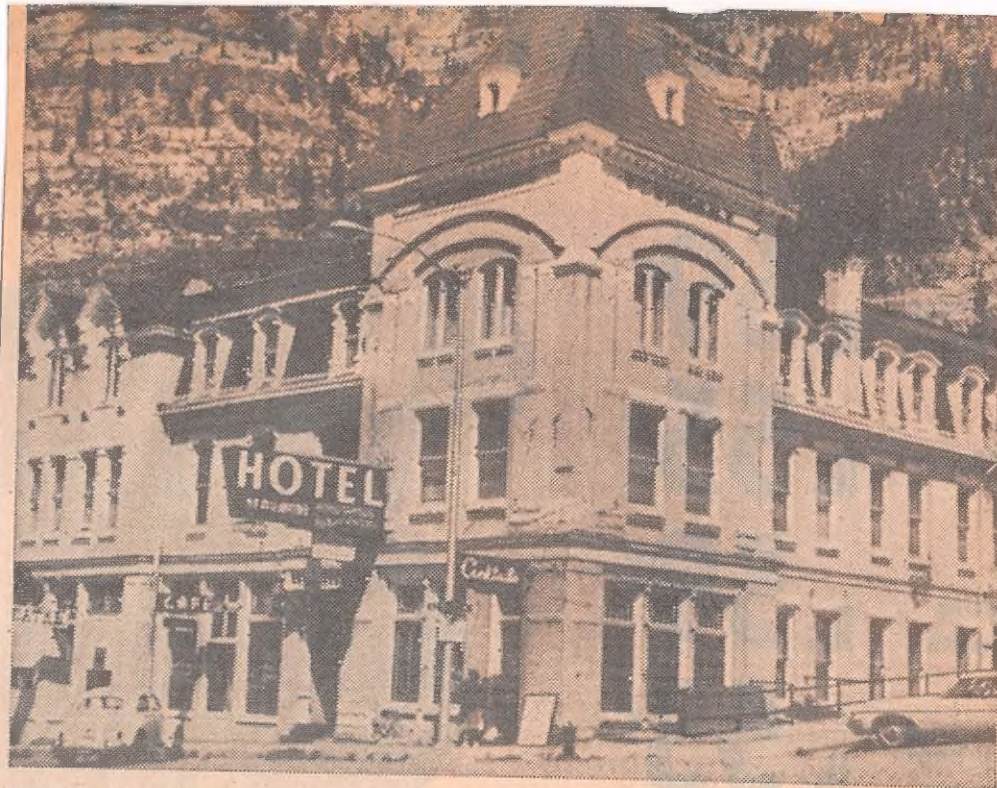
With a fanfare of toots, the train creaks out of the station and whistles violently as it crosses busy intersections before starting its 3,000-foot climb toward Silverton. At Tank Creek the engine takes on water from a tower; you actually can hear the midget locomotive blowing out her boiler, a sound strange to jet-age ears.

From Durango the Magic Circle route swings east (U.S. 160) through Bayfield and past a landmark from pioneer days, Chimney Rock.

More memorabilia of the Old West is on display east at Alamosa at the Narrow gauge Museum with its locomotives, cabooses, rolling stocks, baggage carriers, and piles of ties.

#### Touch of Sahara

Curving north (Colo. 17) there is a new dimension on a side trip—a touch of the Sahara Desert in the heart of the verdant Colorado Rockies. For centuries, sand particles from



**BOOM DAY GLORIES** live again at the Beaumont Hotel, a Victorian relic of the gold and silver mining era in Ouray, one of the highlights of a Magic Circle motor tour around western Colorado's land of scenery and history.

the San Luis Valley have been carried by the winds toward three passes of the Sangre De Christo (Blood of Christ) Range, only to be dropped some miles from its base. Today 46,000 acres of these mountains of shifting sand that rise 600 feet above the valley floor have been set aside as Great Sand Dunes National Monument. Early morning or late afternoon are both the coolest and the best time of day to get dramatic, contrasting photos when there are shadows on the brown dunes. The Montville Nature Trail, a 30-minute hike, begins on the site of the old toll house and stage station on a road of a century ago.

The Magic Circle route turns back west (U.S. 50) and over scenic Monarch Pass to the thriving but isolated little city

of Gunnison. Home of Western State College—as proclaimed by a giant "W" on the side of Tenderfoot Mountain—it also is a summer mecca for trout fishermen and winter gateway to the new "in" ski area of Crested Butte. Side trips lead to historic mining towns, particularly photogenic in the autumn.

#### FLEE IN UNIFORM

**COLOGNE, East Germany** (UPI) — West German border police said Wednesday that 122 uniformed East Germans fled to the West between January and September of this year—30 per cent more than the same period of 1964.

Five officers and 28 non-commissioned officers were among the refugees, the border police said.

## 8 Gold Bricks Found In Old Russ Building

**MOSCOW (UPI)** — Workers remodeling an old building in Leningrad found eight bricks of gold weighing 281 pounds under the wooden floor, the Soviet news agency Tass said Tuesday.

The building had housed a jewelry shop before the 1917 revolution when Leningrad was named St. Petersburg.

#### KEEP WHITE BOOTS CLEAN

If you're an advocate of the Courregé-type white boots for fall, be sure that they are always sparkling clean when you put them on. Wipe them off now and again during the day.



# The Daily Herald

TUESDAY, AUGUST 23, 1966

## Today's Editorials

### Old Mill In Path of New Road

The new diagonal road, which will extend from south Orem to the Canyon Road near the BYU Campus, apparently will eliminate an historical old water power mill unless the State Road Commission can be convinced that it should be spared.

The old mill, with its water wheel and power penstock, is located at about 1600 North and First West in a picturesque setting on the old millrace just east of the Provo Brick and Tile Company which owns it.

Proposed route for the diagonal, as projected at a public meeting here months ago, showed the right-of-way heading directly over the mill site toward an in-

tersection with University Avenue to the east. (An earlier version, it is understood, curved to one side, leaving the mill site intact.)

Considerable opposition to razing the old mill has been expressed from artists of the area, from members of groups devoted to preservation of pioneer relics and institutions, and from the owners themselves.

Representatives of the Belmont family who have ceased operation of the Provo Brick and Tile but are hoping to preserve the old mill, say they are considering plans for construction of a restaurant in the area. The mill would be restored as a special attraction in connection with the business.

To make this feasible, the present waterway would have to be preserved in any road revamp since the mill could not be restored in its historic atmosphere without water.



DOOMED? — Here is the old mill near the Provo Brick and Tile plant which interested Provoans say is in the path of the projected diagonal highway to be constructed by the State Road Commission.

The mill in question hasn't been used for possibly a decade and a half. It is now in a state of disrepair but the owners claim it can be restored readily for viewing.

Constructed in 1903, it is the last of six such mills on the old millrace. The others — none of which still stands today — supplied power for the Smoot Lumber, Ward Planing Mill, Knight Woolen Mills, Hoover Flour Mill, and Provo Ice and Cold Storage.

At its height of use, the Provo Brick and Tile mill provided power for the company's lumber operation, its water pump, and for the brick plant.

One by one, it seems, our pioneer era buildings are being razed as the march of progress goes on. There is much merit in the claim of many that the mill should be restored. Thus preserved, it could represent a landmark of an era which is close to the hearts of Utahns.

Since there appears to be opposition from several quarters, it would appear expedient for those desiring preservation of the mill to get together, compare notes, and determine—before it is too late—whether to make a concerted stand.

If such an effort is to be made, now is the time to do it—before the road commission's plans are completely firmed up and before the property is acquired.